GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS

Published Weekly by

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

(The National Geographic Society is a scientific and educational Society, wholly altruistic, incorporated under the Federal law as a non-commercial institution for the increase of geographic knowledge and its popular diffusion.)

General Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

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© Photograph by Herford Tynes Cowling

THE SUPERB NEEDLEWORK OF KASHMIR IS DONE BY MEN

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

The Geographic News Bulletins are published weekly throughout the school year (thirty issues) and will be mailed to teachers for one year upon receipt of 25 cents (in stamps or money order). Entered as second-class matter, January 27, 1922, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized February 9, 1922.

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Kashmir's "Happy Valley" Experiences an Uprising

THE march of 12,000 Moslems across the border of Kashmir toward Srinagar, the capital, recently threatened that city, famed both in former centuries and to-day, for its beautiful setting in the quiet and idyllic Vale of Kashmir among towering peaks of the Himalayas.

The uprising of the Mohammedans, since checked, was a real threat, because the state of Jammu and Kashmir, although its population is predominantly Moslem, is ruled by a Maharaja of an opposing faith, Hinduism. Ever since this regime was established, in 1846, there has been a certain amount of restiveness.

"A Venice in the Mountains"

The city of Srinagar is a sort of urban paradox—a "Venice in the mountains." The Vale was covered by a great lake many thousands of years ago, and when the waters broke through their mountain barrier and drained away, they left a wide expanse of level, fertile ground. Through this mountain-rimmed plain winds the Jhelum River, widening here and there into lakes. Astride the river is Srinagar. The river is the main street; on its banks and bridges and in its multitudes of boats, from tiny skiffs to commodious houseboats, centers much of the city's life.

But modernity and commerce have pushed their way into "the Happy Valley." Maynard Owen Williams, staff correspondent of the National Geographic Society, who went through Srinagar a few months ago with the Haardt-Citroën Trans-Asia Expedition, wrote as follows of the city's life:

Has "High Powered Salesmen"

"Posters for permanent waves decorate the bund of the capital of Kashmir. Boatmen, tailors, tonga drivers, barbers, and other pests pester the visitor. Dealers in papier-mâche, wood-carving, ring shawls, and silverware flourish sheaves of testimonials signed by otherwise worthy men.

"An immaculate polo field gives the Maharaja and his officers a splendid playground at the foot of Takht-i-Suleiman. His Highness' red-and-orange motor cars add color to colorful streets. Shady canals, bowered in beauty, lead between floating gardens, and the full moon looks down on Dal Lake—such scenes as only dreamers know in less-favored climes.

A Kashmiri Night's Entertainment

"As I write, makers of leather-covered boxes and cashmere-lined Gilgit boots wander in and out. My bearer, Sultan Mohammed, comes to clear away the breakfast things and turn my stockings, as if he were a lady's maid.

"We lunch under towering chenar trees, as guests of the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir, and mingle with his friends. By night we dine in one of his houseboats. We are rowed through the reflected beauty of lake and mountain by silent Kashmiris wielding paddles shaped like hearts."

Note: For supplementary reading and pictures of Kashmir and the Himalaya region see: "First over the Roof of the World by Motor," *National Geographic Magazine*, March, 1932; "The Citroën-Haardt Trans-Asiatic Expedition Reaches Kashmir," October, 1931; "Houseboat Days in the Vale of Kashmir," and "Oriental Pageantry of Northern India," October, 1929; and "Outwitting the Water Demons of Kashmir," November, 1921.

Bulletin No. 1, March 14, 1932.

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© *Photograph by Burger and Bros.*

PLANTING SUGAR CANE IN A DRAINED SECTION OF FLORIDA'S EVERGLADES

Certain areas in the Everglades, particularly around Lake Okeechobee, have proved suitable for sugar production. Long, shallow trenches are dug in the rich black muck, and then men in gangs lay bits of stalk along them and cover the trenches with earth. Forty to fifty tons of sugar cane per acre have been cut (See Bulletin No. 4).

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Cork, Ireland's Southern Gateway, To Hold Industrial Fair

IRELAND, which this year is celebrating the 1,500th anniversary of the landing of St. Patrick in the island, has abandoned the idea of holding a great international exposition, but instead is planning an industrial fair, similar to that held each year in Leipzig, Germany.

A site just outside the city limits of Cork has been chosen for the exhibits, which will be confined to produce and manufactures of Ireland, and to outside goods which do not compete with native industries. Sod was broken early this year and several of the buildings are nearly finished. The fair will open May 1, and continue until September 1.

Main Part of City on an Island

Cork lies at the head of the Cove of Cork, almost due west of London. Passenger boats from England and Scotland and foreign cargo boats of shallow draft dock at the Cork quays, but transatlantic vessels can navigate the Cove only as far as Cobh, better known to Americans as Queenstown. The twelve-mile journey to Cork is made by river boat or by train.

The main portion of Cork occupies an island with the main channel of the River Lee bordering it on the north, and the Southern Channel, an arm of the Lee, forming its southern boundary.

The hillsides on the opposite sides of both of these streams, are nearly as thickly populated as the island.

Cork has many visitors but they are usually destined to points outside of the city. The Blarney Castle with its famous stone is a drawing card for southern Ireland, and the country is dotted with old castles, forts, numerous caves and quaint villages. Beautiful panoramas are frequent. The five railroads which enter the city touch or connect with other railroads that traverse practically every city and town on the island.

One of the most interesting "sights" of Cork is the vehicle from which the "sights" are seen. Automobiles are available for touring but the traveler is likely to perch himself on one of the typical Irish jaunting cars. Facing outward, and with a jolt for every step of the jogging horse, the driver traverses St. Patrick's Street, the Fifth Avenue of Cork, the Grand Parade, and Great George's Street, all wide thoroughfares. St. Patrick's Street and the Grand Parade were quays when Cork was young and the island was mostly swamp land and waterways cut through what now is an important business district.

American Coal, Iron and Wheat Shipped to Cork

All is business on the lower end of the island where miles of quays are lined with cargo boats. Cases of butter, herds of cattle and pigs, and cargoes of flax, hemp and woolen goods await shipment to foreign ports while an American might see coal and iron from American mines, and wheat and flour from American fields and mills hoisted out of the holds of American and British freighters for Irish consumption.

The other end of the island is a parkway called the Mardyke walk, where "Corkers" spend their leisure moments on shaded promenades in view of tree-clad banks of the Lee, dotted here and there with villas. The Marina, another one of the city's playgrounds, lies on the south side of the Southern Channel with a beautiful view of the river below Cork. Across the water are the hilly suburbs of

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A DAUGHTER OF OLD SPAIN IN PARAGUAY

This inland, South American Republic had for some years several times as many women as men. Its women are skillful with the needle as this Paraguay example of a "Spanish shawl" would indicate (See Bulletin No. 5).

Geography Illustrations on Loose-Leaf Sheets

Until further notice the National Geographic Society's six Pictorial Geography sets—288 world-revealing photographs on loose-leaf sheets, and 288 vivid geographic narratives that explain the pictures—may be had for $3.50 by teachers, schools and libraries. The attached form may be used in ordering:

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How the Nations Name Their Winds

MONSOONS and simoons, siroccos and southern bursters, harmattans and haboobs, chinooks and willy willies, mistrals and "the doctor"—each country has its favorite name for its distinctive winds.

Algeria dreads its chihilis. Guatemala and Nicaragua expect daily chubascos in summertime. Fiume shivers at the approach of a bora. Spain scorches under the whip of the leveche out of Africa. Persia has learned to live with her shamal.

Yet fewer than a dozen different kinds of winds are recognized by meteorologists. A blizzard by any other name, buran, poorga or pampero, is still a blizzard.

Central America's "Monsoon"

Central America's chubasco season is a small scale copy of India's monsoon. An Australian, set down in Texas, would soon recognize that a Texas "norther" was a near relative to his own "southern burster."

A Swiss, traveling through the Rockies in early spring, sniffing a soft, dry, warm breeze, would exclaim, "Ah, foehn wind." "Chinook," a native might correct him. But a South African would call it a berg wind, a Sumatran a bohorok, and a Faroe Islander a glave wind.

The typhoon, known to Korea and Japan, is another variety of the wind species, hurricane, that occasionally sweeps the West Indies and southern United States. Hurricanes, or typhoons, also zoom around in the South Seas, curvet off the northeast and northwest coast of Australia and charge the east coast of Africa. The tornado, a concentrated whirling wind and most destructive of the storms of small extent, which appears in the American middle west, is also known to northern Africa and to Australia. Tornadoes attain the greatest speed of any winds, estimates of their velocities running as high as 500 miles per hour.

When a "low," which is the weather man's name for a large storm area, moves across a continent, it often pulls in hot air from the direction of the Equator. Italy's sirocco, like American south winds, has passed over water so it brings a moist, heavy, lazy atmosphere. But the same wind, reaching Spain as the solano, after having passed over land is hot, dry and dusty. So is the leveche of eastern Spain, and the leste of Madeira and northern Africa. Argentina's hot zondas are South American siroccos. To the same family belongs Australia's brickfielder, although it blows from the north instead of the south, since Australia lies below the Equator.

Thunderstorms Almost Universal

Australia's brickfielder used to be a south wind; now it is a north wind. It happened this way. Sydney was one of the communities first settled on the continent and it had a brickfield on the southern limits of the city. A storm from the south would hurl clouds of dust on the grumbling inhabitants. Many dusty Sydneyites rushed to Victoria when gold was discovered and soon thereafter the hot, north sirocco winds rushed on them. Experiencing much the same discomfort they suffered in Sydney from brickyard dust, the miners promptly named the hot winds brickfielders.

Australia supplies curious nicknames to all its breezes. Besides brickfielders and southern bursters there are willy willies, the Fremantle doctor and cock-eyed Bobs. Willy willies are hurricanes that play tag up and down the northwest coast; the Fremantle doctor is Perth's afternoon cooling breeze from the sea; a Cock-eyed Bob is a thunderstorm.

Few countries on earth do not have thunderstorms. The United States has a fair number; the Cameroons, which lie in Africa's armpit, are the second most thunderous lands of earth, while the true land of the thunderbolt is Java. At Buitenzorg, Java, lightning flashes and thunder growls 322 days of the year.

Ancient Greeks erected an eight-sided temple to the winds, each side sacred to the wind from that corner of the compass. Weather observatories have supplanted the Greek temple and a different type of classification has replaced the Greek weather-vane method. Now it is known that a small dust whirl on a city street is a type of nearly all storms. Waterspouts, thunderstorms, tornadoes, blizzards from northwest Canada, are all swirls of winds of greater or lesser diameter.

But a separate cubby hole has to be reserved for the monsoon. The monsoon is different;

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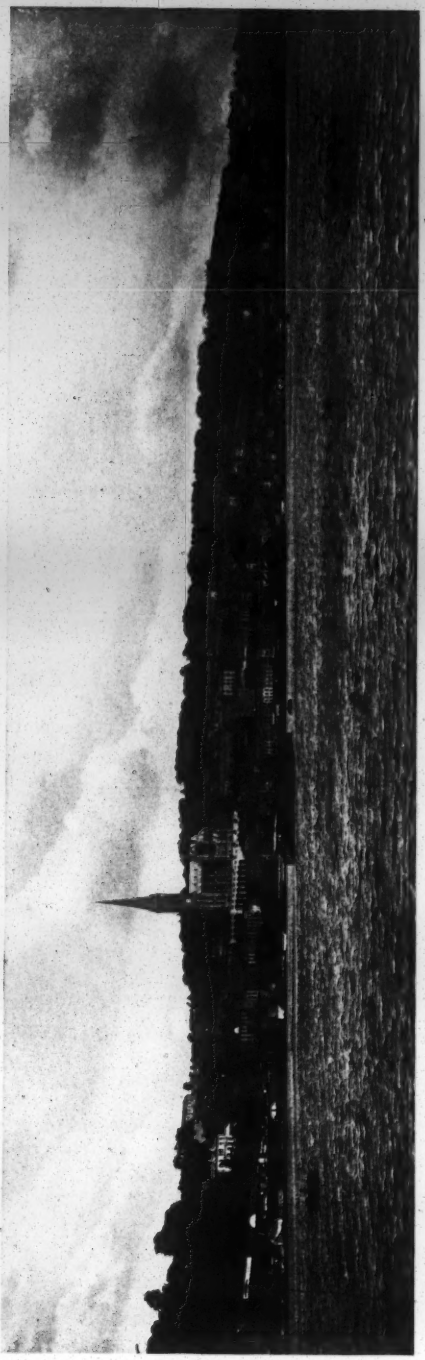

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COBH (QUEENSTOWN), THE OCEAN PORT FOR CORK, FROM HAULBOWLINE ISLAND

Many transatlantic liners call here en route between England and America. The channel is deep enough for the largest steamships. Cobh was an Irish base for an American destroyer fleet during the World War.

Tivoli, where Sir Walter Raleigh once lived and where trees planted by him still survive.

The Protestant and Catholic Cathedrals, both bearing the name of the Saint Finne Barre, who founded Cork in the seventh century, and the University College, also lie on the south side of Cork. The latter is a handsome building of gray limestone in Tudor style.

Tropical Plants

A number of tropical plants adorn the University grounds. Although Cork lies in the same longitude as Labrador, its climate is tempered by the Gulf Stream.

The north bank of the Lee is dominated by the clock tower of St. Ann's, Shandon, which contains the eight bells made famous by Father Prout, the poet priest. The tower affords a splendid view of the city.

Steep Slate Roofs

At the foot of the tower the huge round roof of the butter market contrasts with the steep slate-roofed houses bordering the narrow lane-like streets leading to the river. The row after row of roofs on the island beyond are frequently pierced by the steeples of churches, but dominating all of them is the 240-foot central tower of the Protestant Cathedral, far in the background.

Note: See also "Ireland, the Rock Whence I Was Hewn," *National Geographic Magazine*, March, 1927.

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The Everglades, Florida's Bid for a National Park

TO the growing list of areas set aside by the United States Government for National Parks, residents of the State of Florida would add part of America's largest subtropical region, the Everglades.

The vast Everglades and Big Cypress Swamp to the south are among the natural wonders of the world. Since the days of the first white visitors to the Everglades, endless descriptions in many languages have been written of this extraordinary region. To-day, with its partial drainage, upon which millions are being expended, and its progressive cultivation plans in work, it is more than ever of public interest.

Not a Forbidding Jungle

This extraordinary region is not and never was the dark, equatorial swamp, with boa constrictors dangling from trees to grab at passing animals, so graphically shown in woodcuts which illustrated early geographies. Yet, with its vast, trackless water wilderness, its almost impenetrable saw grass tangles, its hummocks and wild life, it truly ranks as one of America's natural wonders.

Running from the southernmost tip of Florida north for 170 miles, to Lake Okeechobee, and measuring about 70 miles east and west, extends a rock-bottomed, shallow basin. Its rim is a few feet above mean low tide in Biscayne Bay. This watery area forms the famous Everglades. It is really a lake and not a mammoth stagnant swamp, as is often supposed; yet no surface water flows into it. Heavy rainfall and subterranean streams keep it clear, fresh, and in motion, for it has many outlets. An odd aspect of the water is its constant movement, in currents and cross-currents, seemingly caused by downward escape here and there through holes in its rocky bottom to subterranean outlets.

Sharp-edged saw grass, tough as bamboo, is the enemy of all who seek to wade through it. Growing under water, it is pale green, but it turns to a dull yellow as it emerges into sunlight. Winding lanes open through it here and there, but old settlers around the Everglades say only the Seminoles can really "get where they're going" through these crooked liquid avenues.

Ferns With Fronds Ten Feet Long!

Islands abound. Some are outcrops of the rock basin, overlaid with rich mold, forming sizable cultivable areas. Virgin forests cover many of the islands, with bay, live oak, prickly-ash, papayas, custard-apple, wild rubber, and other trees in profusion. The "strangler fig" vine, the morning-glory, and honeysuckle attain great size. There is the coontie plant, too, from which the Seminole extracts flour and starch, and often the pine, and the cabbage palmetto.

Giant ferns, with fronds ten feet long, gorgeous orchids, many kinds of air plants and water lilies, are among the wide variety of wild flowers.

Though vandal plume-hunters in years gone by ravaged the bird life, egrets and roseate spoonbill still breed here. To-day the naturalist who scans the ground and sky sees the migratory duck, an occasional heron, the bittern, coot, cormorant, Everglades kite, crane and other waders; or, following a big storm at sea, tens of thousands of seabirds resting and quarreling, anxious to be gone upon their lawful occasions!

Bear, deer, panther, and otter were once abundant. Though these are passing, Seminoles still have a regular hunting season, bringing to market over $500,000

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the unique possession of the Far East, although a baby monsoon, the chubasco, has been found in Central America. In India the monsoon dictates politics, drives Englishmen to the hills, and saves the whole peninsula from being another Arabian desert.

How the Monsoons Blow

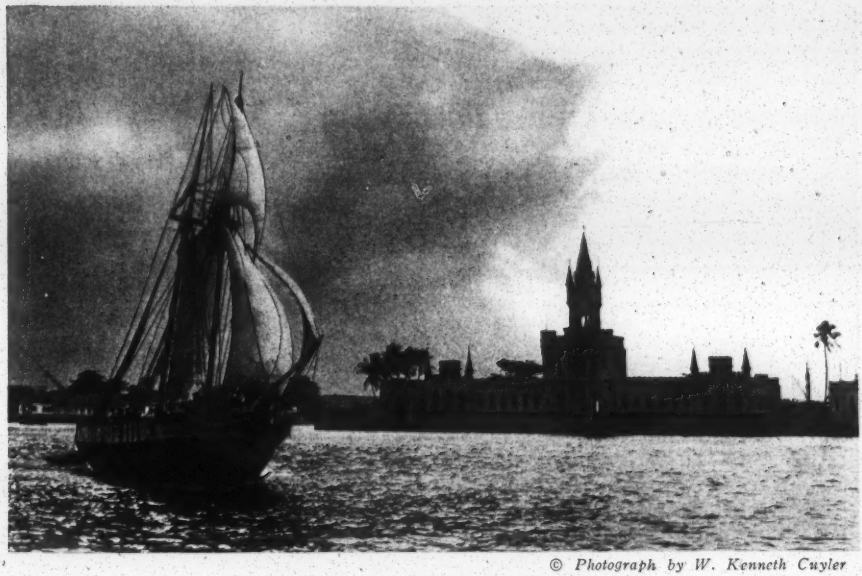
The monsoon can be understood without going to India if the kitchen stove can take the place of a 10,000-mile sea voyage. Anyone who has looked at the kitchen range, felt the heat and even seen the heat waves rising from its top, knows what happens in India. Tibet, north of India, is the world's largest natural stove, a huge block of land raised up in the sky two miles above sea level, bare to the hot summer sun. Heat waves rise from Tibet; and to take the place of the rising air new air, called the monsoon, comes in over India. If the air were smoke-colored the monsoon winds could be seen approaching the tip of India in a vast stream. Upon reaching the tip the stream divides, part of it rolling up the east coast, the rest up the west. Then the monsoon air streams strike inland, the eastern streams moving up the Ganges Valley. In northern India the divided streams converge again and the reunited monsoon rises over the Himalaya Mountains, shedding its rain as it goes, ever rushing on to feed the summer demand of the Tibetan "stove" for more air to warm.

During winter the monsoon goes into reverse, retracing its course through India. But it brings no rain from rainless Tibet, only dry, clear, cool weather to the peninsula.

India's monsoon carries on the wings of wind the world's greatest burden of water. On Cherrapunji, at the head of the valley in the Himalaya foothills, the monsoon drops more rain than does any other wind anywhere in the world. In summer Cherrapunji lives in a natural shower bath. On it fall 424 inches of rain a year, enough to fill an open tank 35 feet high. In August, 1841, it rained 30 inches a day at Cherrapunji for five consecutive days.

Note: For supplementary reading see: "A Modern Saga of the Seas," *National Geographic Magazine,* December, 1931; "Rounding the Horn in a Windjammer," February, 1931; "When a Drought Blights Africa," April, 1929; and "Toilers of the Sky," August, 1925.

Bulletin No. 3, March 14, 1932.



© *Photograph by W. Kenneth Cuyler*

RACING THE STORM INTO PORT

When storm winds blow on land our main concern is to see that the windows and doors are closed, but to the master of a sailing vessel a storm wind carries many threats in its whistling blasts, from tearing his sails to driving his vessel on the rocks. This small trading ship is fleeing before a storm brewing behind the palace of Ilha Fiscal, Rio de Janeiro. Ilha Fiscal was once the summer home of Brazil's last emperor, Dom Pedro II.

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Paraguay, Chief Producer of Petitgrain Oil

COMMERCE reports from Paraguay indicate that this inland, South American Republic is again the leading source of petitgrain oil, a basis for perfumes and flavoring extracts. An abundant growth of bitter orange trees in the interior and available cheap labor for collection and distillation place Paraguay ahead in the production of this seldom-mentioned but essential chemical. Exports in 1930, just announced, were valued at $204,342.

Southern Paraguay, the region where most of the world's petitgrain oil is obtained, is a roughly triangular district which, in addition, produces most of the food crops of Paraguay.

Somewhat Resembles State of Illinois

Except that it is subtropical and sparsely populated, southern Paraguay is much like the lower part of Illinois. Two huge rivers, the Paraguay and the Paraná, define its western and southern boundaries, and at no place is the land very far above them. As there are no levees or dikes in Paraguay floods course unchecked through the bottomlands.

The Paraná River, which for four hundred years has been the chief artery of trade in the heart of South America, brings the traveler to its tributary, the Paraguay River, and thence to Humaita, the first Paraguayan town on the route from Buenos Aires to Asunción, the Paraguayan capital.

Humaita is typical of the towns of the south country of Paraguay. The streets of this river port debouch on a velvety green parade ground, and they, too, are like green lawns—wide, quiet, old-worldly, with cows placidly grazing and an occasional small brown boy sauntering leisurely across. Outside of the capital automobiles are almost unknown in Paraguay.

For a hundred miles more the Paraguay River winds, passing flooded islets and vast grassy prairies, to Asunción. Inland, out of reach of flood waters, is one of the best fruit-growing regions of the world, although most of the region is still undeveloped and given over to the raising of cattle. Rice, corn, and sugar are other crops which could be produced in quantities sufficient for export.

Much rice is grown in the extreme southern part of the district, although not enough to meet Paraguayan consumption of the cereal. Cotton is the chief export of the region.

How the Industry Started

The petitgrain industry dates from the early seventies of the last century when a French botanist, who was interested in the production of "agua de azahar," or the extract of orange blossoms, turned to the utilization of the leaves of the bitter orange tree. Paraguay supplies about 70 per cent of the world demand for this essence. The industry centers around the little town of Yaguaron, southeast of Asunción. France is the leading purchaser, taking from 35 to 40 per cent of the output; followed by the United States, Germany and Great Britain.

Southeastward from Asunción runs the only railroad in Paraguay, a 150-mile line which follows a range of hills between the capital and Villa Encarnación, on the Paraná River. Along this line are the principal plantations and many of the more prosperous cattle ranches.

Oranges from the interior are brought by oxcarts to the railroad stations and dumped on the ground, and passengers on the line can buy large numbers of them

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worth of raccoon, alligator, snake, wild cat, and other skins in a season. But the ancient happy hunting ground is shrinking before the machinery of road-makers and ditch-diggers. Of snakes, there is no lack.

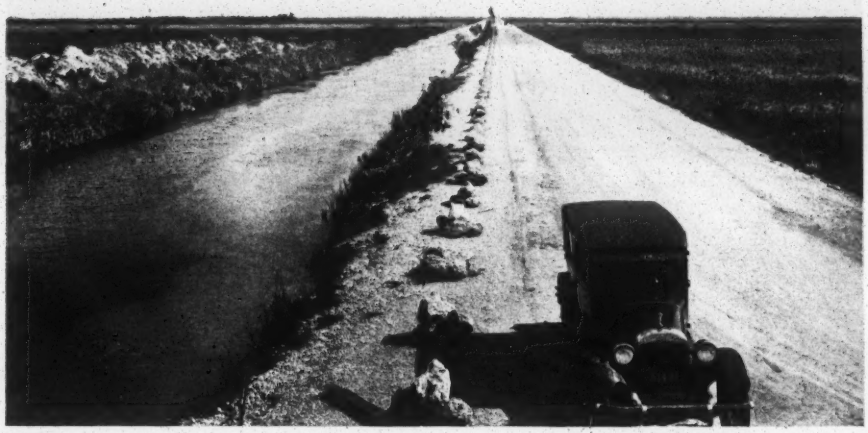
Parts of the Everglades are adapted to farming—reclaimed "muck" land grows amazing crops of sugar cane, tomatoes, and marketable vegetables.

This "muck" is a loose, black soil of decomposed plant life that is exposed after drainage. In spots it is so soft that mules sometimes wear a snowshoe-like gear to keep from bogging down. Sometimes tractors used in muck must be equipped with extra-broad treads. If allowed to get too dry, muck burns like peat—burns for weeks, smoldering many feet deep. If too wet, crops drown. The problem is to dike a field, and then, with big pumps, hold the water table just where it is wanted by pumping in or out—a simple engineering problem.

As in "Jack and the Bean Stalk," plants fairly leap to almost supernatural size when ideal water conditions are achieved. At Canal Point one sees cane growing to amazing heights and potatoes ready for market when only a few weeks old. Around Clewiston, south of Lake Okeechobee, extensive areas of muck are being reclaimed by a cane-sugar ranch. If frost threatens, water is quickly pumped in it to raise the temperature. It is a strangely artificial agriculture—temperamental and full of surprises. "Taming these Everglades is like breaking an outlaw horse," said a farm immigrant from Montana. "Just when you think you've got 'em broke, they show you a new trick."

Note: See also "Florida, the Fountain of Youth," *National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1930.

Bulletin No. 4, March 14, 1932.



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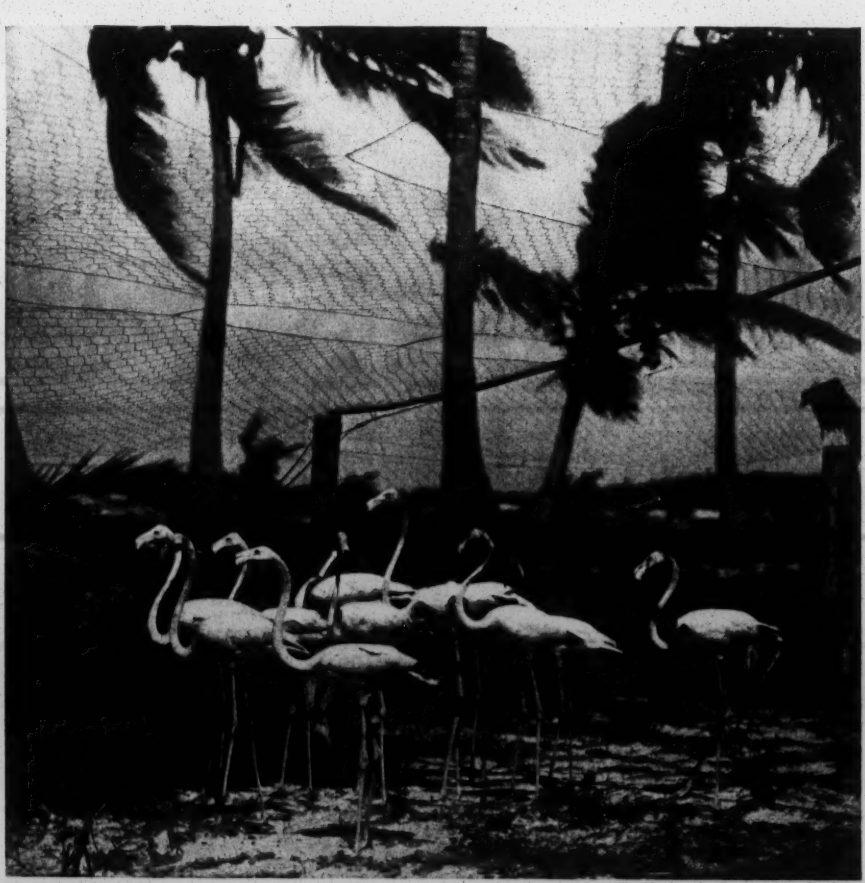
MUCH OF THE EVERGLADES IS LIKE THIS

Engineers have "killed two birds with one stone" here: the earth needed for the highway (part of the Tamiami Trail) was taken from the ditch at the left, which thus became more useful as a drainage canal. The Tamiami Trail connects the cities of Tampa and Miami—hence its name—and runs through the heart of the Everglades country. The drainage canal shown here is alive with small fish.

for a few cents. Where drinking water is not good, oranges are both food and liquid refreshment. So plentiful are they that in many places oranges are fed to cattle, who seem to relish the fruit. With modern refrigeration methods and rapid transit southern Paraguay could become one of the world's chief producers of the fruit.

Note: For additional material about Paraguay see "How Latin America Looks from the Air," *National Geographic Magazine*, October, 1927; and "Buenos Aires and Its River of Silver," October, 1921.

Bulletin No. 5, March 14, 1932.



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"WINGS OF FIRE" IN CAPTIVITY IN MIAMI

A century ago the beautiful pink American flamingo was common in southern Florida. To-day, except for a stray bird now and then far down on the desert keys, it is unknown. After a long search a colony of native birds was discovered on Andros, Bahama Islands. The more numerous roseate spoonbill is often mistaken for the flamingo. If the Everglades region becomes a National Park the flamingo and other sub-tropical birds may again live and multiply in American territory (See Bulletin No. 4).

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